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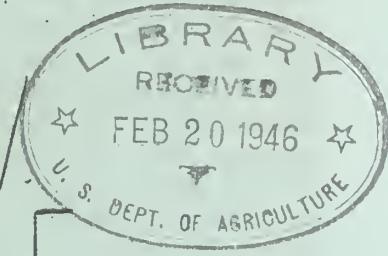


SPAW

SPORTS, PATTER AND NEWS.

Volume 9, No. 86, November 9, 1944

HITWOKA HIKE



THESE MEN

"Mamma," said little Mary, "do men ever go to heaven?"
"Why, of course, my dear! What made you ask?"
"Because I never see pictures of angels with whiskers!"
"Well," said the mother, "some men do go to heaven by a close shave."

BIRTHDAYS - NOV. 12 - 18

William Mazanec
Edgar F. Renshaw*
Harold F. Clark
Milton A. Pilcher*
Edith L. Ratye
Agnes Harnette
Mary Elizabeth Lynch
Walter O. Galtjen*
Bruce H. Carter
Fred W. Haligan*
Henry A. Milbert
Geneva A. Palmer
Lillian F. Pegelow
Maurice M. Samuels**
John D. Soma*
Hamilton Treadway*
Garnet F. Chaloupka
Osmond Molarsky*
Ruth Wasson
Erwin M. Graham, Jr.
Gladys Skinner#
Lou Roland#
Bernard Gekoski#

*Military Furlough
#Week of Nov. 5-11

FOR SALE--Beautiful poker table.
See Harold Clark, Room 1057.
FOR SALE--Remington Electric Shaver.
See George Long.

BOWLING SET ANDINGS AS OF NOVEMBER 11, 1944

Team	Won	Lost	Percent	Average	High Game	High Set
Solicitors	12	12	.666	721	798	2238
Operators	12	12	.666	662	730	2093
Radars	12	12	.666	651	789	2212
Ruralettes	12	12	.666	632	711	1997
Administrators	11	7	.611	714	809	2330
Raters	10	8	.555	652	770	2190
Managettes	9	9	.500	621	699	2050
Five Aces	8	10	.444	672	765	2091
Kilo-ettes	7	11	.388	593	696	1925
Five Dueces	6	12	.333	637	851	2245
Sweater Girls	5	13	.277	624	796	2237
Terry's Pirates	5	13	.277	603	770	2118

DIDJA KNOW THAT

The tumult and the shouting dies, the captains and the kings depart - that is some of them, not all and once again one dares to turn on the radio for soft music without fear of oratorical bombardments of viewing with alarm or pointing with pride. So it goes and all that has to be done now is pay up on the bets or do the collecting if you were on the other side. That is what Lee Moore is going to do - collect and wannabet he'll be round shouldered from carrying 'round all those pennies which he won or he might slide them over that certain kind of table which is listed for sale in SPAN. H. Clarke has a word for it - 'tis penny ante. If one wants to find out how not to go, take Georgia Kick along as a guide. That perfect hostess, Flora Speh, went so far as to supply her to-be guests with maps so the gals would all show up not too fatigued and despite the protestations of the Helens - Daley and Carr, Georgia insisted upon going her way. No one has been able to find out whether she stood on her head to look at the map or just turned it around but anyway after a walk of some several miles and finding themselves in the environs of Clayton they decided to start all over again and a good time was had by all except that the two Helens now think Georgia should give them one of those airplane stamps to replace what they wore out trudging along so valiantly in search of that cup of tea. Hold your hats, boys and gals - he's back again. Yes indeedy, That Man, J. Radley, who can find more and smaller places in which to install you and your desk and all those necessary appurtenances, is now making us another visit and this time he brought a couple of his little play-mates with him. Meet Mr. Donaldson and Mr. Meehan - from the Big Top - and they're going to help you clean out your file cabinets and woe to you who say that you use those files every day. They are absolute authorities on the amount of dust that can be gathered over a period of a day, a week or a month so if you wish to make believe you use all those official-looking documents which every office manages to accumulate for no reason at all you had best take to your dust cloths before they arrive with their cheery and benign smiles which are only masks to cover their firm intent to make a thorough report on your acquisitiveness and your housekeeping. The man power shortage has caused one of the nicest gals in Fin, Anna Francka, to leave us so she can take over for her husband, but Myrtle Gray, another of Fin's nice femmes, is so jubilant she is doing hand springs or would if Uncle Jo would allow it - he says nix. After many long months and a trek from camp to camp Myrtle's one and only John has now received his honorable discharge and is home once more. Oh Boy, Oh boy - you should just see what those great big brawny engineers - you know the ones who go out and toss around that bowling ball as though it were a marble - do for their home work. "Robinson Crusoe" Burtis turned up at the office with a gorgeous tufted rug which he whipped up while hibernating down on that Island. It was so very handsome that all the other little rug cutters are green with envy and so lo and behold in comes J. Duncan with his weaving and B. B. Winsett admits to sewing a seam as fine as any

BOWLING (CONT'D)

MEN

High Ave. - Bullock, 162	Kallemeier - 149
Brown, 162	
High Game - Moldenhaur, 221	Hackman - 185
	Kallemeier - 185
High Set - Fischer, 542	Kallemeier - 464
Robinson, 542	

WOMEN

little Miss Muffet ever turned out and says he's a regular Barney Oldfield on a sewing machine. Our reporter is now making a survey to ascertain the accomplishments of the others and we're betting on Briden to turn out a bit of knitting; Col. Suss at home with his tatting while J. K. O'Shaughnessy can probably go to town with a crochet hook. J. Owens says he doesn't go in for those sissy things but that it takes him a (Censored) of a long time to wash his curtains on account of he has only one door on which to stretch the things and so has to do each one separately. For a small remuneration he will be glad to help out any of you gals who object to sudsy or dish pan hands. HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE: D. Wagner getting a big thrill when she voted at the same time as Boss and Mrs. Hannegan; Buddy Oliver with nothing to do and being very lonely for a Marine-ess; Mae Bowles mighty proud of her handsome Ensign son who came to call at Personnel and had all the girls in a flutter and gnashing their teeth at Marian Barry; Clarence Hunter on a deer hunting trip; Marge Peteler trying to break that one and only record in Fin by getting to work at 7:45 a.m. - what a gal; D. Campbell's husband, now with Patton's forces in France, decorated with the Oak Leaf Cluster; believe it or not, a pheasant on the roof of the Federal Reserve and all the CODers wishing heartily for their pop-guns; Chas. Hroch, one of Fin's Timber Wolves, playing the sidewalks of St. L.; that thinker-upper of \$64 questions, B. Lawson, with pretty Mrs. Lawson trying to listen for the returns in the midst of a madhouse; Iris Powell in a dither because she forgot to ask the Fortune Teller which Spring she meant; meet some of our new recruits: Mary Riddle, Lillian Graybar, Margaret Morris, Emilia Walczyk, how in Personnel with Helen Martiszus, Mr. Milliken and Rex Tynes holding forth in D&C; J. Burtis wanting to know if anyone has an electric train which they aren't going to play with this Christmas; Hilda Edgecomb who tells you where to get the cutest black cocker spaniel puppies; Mr. Beal, D&C, not Sir Robert, wanting a one bedroom furnished apartment - the eternal optimist; Leary, Linder and Farmer trying to live down what the rest of engineers have been doing and are now taking exams to operate radio transmitter for C.D.W. E.R.S. (what it is we haven't the remotest) while Eardley thinks he'll turn to embroidery; Mr. Mack with no lights in his chariot but a wicked gleam in his eye, couldn't play post-office on account of no one wanted to be door tender.

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